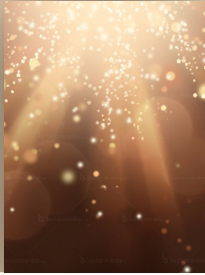




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Beautiful Mess



romance

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Chapter 1 by Lima bean7

"What... What are you?"

He didn't know what to do, he couldn't comprehend the intense, complex being hovering in front of him.

Another question popped from his lips, "What are you doing in my bedroom closet?"

Chapter 2 by Cat4055



Honestly, everyone knew this was bound to happen. I mean, if you combine a teenage boy and a closet, the closet is bound to mutate. My closet (The narrator's closet) mutated into a giant mouse.

Chapter 3 by Jeffrey Alexander Tetlow



The mouse just seemed to stare back at him. Not in a rude way by any means, (although to be fair he wasn't certain what the proper social etiquette for closet mice is), but rather it stared in

the same curious and apprehensive manner that one would expect from a common field mouse. Even one that was inexplicably the size of a closet.

See more of Story Wars

"Excuse me? My clothes v

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It seemed like the sensible thing to say in such a situation. After all, his clothes were in fact inside the closet, and now that his closet had suddenly decided that it would now be a mouse, it seemed perfectly reasonable to the boy to point out that he would need clothing for school tomorrow.

The mouse didn't seem to particularly care about his displaced clothing however, instead it merely stared back in the same curious and attentive manner that it had been for the last few moments.

Chapter 4 by adware



Before the boy could form another question for the mouse, the door of his bedroom was opened. A prim woman in a gray blazer and pencil skirt showed in a young couple wearing upscale beach clothes. They completely ignored the boy, zoning in on the blazer woman's presentation.

"As you can see the guest room is currently being used as a child's bedroom, so unfortunately we will likely need to do some repairs here and there before you move in, if you move in. Clean crayon off the walls, stains off the carpet and so on."

The boy took offense to this, and he wasn't sure what offended him more– that his room was being insulted, that three grown strangers had wandered into his room, or that they had chosen such an inconvenient time to show up and add to the confusion. He decided to speak his mind on his complaints in that order.

"Excuse me, lady? I keep my room clean. I'm twelve."

The blazer woman turned to him with a an ugly expression of displeased surprise one would have assumed she'd have kept reserved for, say, a mouse the size of a small elephant. Her tone was kind, without being kind at all.

"I'mmm sure sweetie."

With that she turned back to the couple and the boy would never been interrupted.

See more of Story Wars

"But, it's a lovely space with a lot of room for a guest room, it could be, a study, a game room– you could have a little party."

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The couple grinned and began kissing each other passionately. The boy felt it was time to bring his second issue forward.

“Why are you in my room?”

The couple turned their faces from mashing each other to stare at him with blank expressions. The blazer woman flashed him a silent snarl before turning back to them, smiling again.

“Don’t mind him, please continue.”

The couple nodded simultaneously and resumed rubbing faces. The blazer woman bore down on the child – she stood in front of him, towering over him and making no effort to bring her face to his level for polite conversation.

“It is NOT your room anymore. I recommend you leave until you receive notice to remove your property off ours.”

The boy frowned. Actually, he hadn’t stopped frowning since he’d met the mouse, but the frown now sunk deeper.

“What do you mean it’s not my room?”

“Your father is selling the house.”

“But why?”

“Because, boy, your father has some paranoid obsession with his rooms not spontaneously morphing into large animals. We’re now advertising this unit to, more open minded parties. Please stand in the corner now and be quiet.”

She returned to the couple. Behind them, the bathroom had just transformed into a bathroom-sized snake.

They began to approach the snake, the real estate agent droned on,

See more of Story Wars

“As you can see, this bathroom has just turned into a snake sized snake room!”

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without one of them batting an eye, or any other odd part representing insecurity, they strolled into the snake’s jaws, who snapped his mouth shut behind them when they were all

inside.

The snake turned his greedy eyes towards the mouse, who was statue-still with fear.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8 (1 draft)

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